11

THE SUMMER GIRL'S RIVALS.

Popularity of the Young Married Woma and the Widow-The Future Belles-Som Comfortable and Pleasing Costumes for Lawn and Garden Parties in August.

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ust be artistically done, making use of a dress

COLORS FOR SUMMER.

White is everywhere, and especially at the

races, with variations in ecru and creamy tones.

As for the rage in scarlet and crimson, which was

the reason, no doubt, being that with our almost tropical sun the glare would be too trying both to the wearer and the looker-on. I have waited in vain, too, for the red shoes and red silk stockings that were to be so much the fad

At the seaside resorts in and about the me-

SILK BLOUBES

closing in front with gilt buttons and made

PEATHERS AND VEILS.

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHIRT.



season in describing the dresses wora by the ultra-fashionables on account of the delicate colors-indefinite in tone and impossible in One must be an expert to give names to what is called a "faded pinkish flesh tint," a "faded crushed raspberry," or to distinguish between ailver, nickel or platinum drabs. Greens and reds, too, defy definition, and one is only

ing summer girls dress with striking sim-plicity, apparently being of the opinion that a pretty face and a graceful figure are the things pretty face and a graceful agure are the taining that count in the gay empire of modes. For instance, I see very stylish young girls wearing blue serge skirts, with white blouses, colored ties and small white sailor hat trimmed with ribbon to match the tie. In one case I noted a black skirt and white blouse set off with a blue tie, and in another a white serge skirt, blue blouse and white hat trimmed with blue ribbon. Still another charming white serge gown had around the waist and around the bottom bias folds of dahlia red faille, edged with tiny rushes of black ribbon. The bodice was set off with a very small Henry II cloak of dahlia silk, just falling between the shoulders and hardly reaching the waist. The cloak was lined with white satin and edged with tiny black ruching. THE TOUNG MARRIED WOMAN AND THE WIDOW.

The summer girl is not having it all her own way by any means. The young married woman and the stylish young widow both constitute very formidable rivals at times. The summer girl may toss her pretty head and affect to despise these post-hers on her fair domain, but the world gets tired of tinkling cymbals and shrill pipes, just as children tire of sweetcake and yearn for a good big slice of plain bread and butter. You will find pictured in my initial one of those rather heavy and ornate gowns which make the soft and fluffy habiligowns which make the soft and fluffy habili-ments of the summer girl look somewhat cheap and tawdry. The skirt is elaborately em-broidered with jet; in fact. I notice a frequent use of jet trinming on summer gowns, both on light and heavy tissues. Even such thin ma-terial as grenadine is often trinmed with jet and ribbon, the jet ornaments being butterflies.

bewilder the senses, and the question suggests itself, who is it that has the time, the patience and the skill to invent, to combine, to embellish in so many countless varieties? For the same style of this season has another nightmare which occasions her not a little trouble, and that is the tiny maid of twelve or thirteen who is taking her first lesson in coquetry. It seems ridiculous at first thought that she should fear such rivalry, but she knows the old saying that time cures youth and sorrow, and even by the end of the season one of these little misses might become almost a full-fledged young lady. Airs and graces are like mushrooms—they spring up in a single night. Fashion is a genuine fairy queen, and she has only to touch the little country girl with her wand in order to transform her into a city belle.



The second illustration presents a pretty picture of summer life and might be entitled "Morning and Midday." It is a great consolation for a woman of fashion to feel that her scepter will not be suffered to drop to the floor and arnish with age; that a fair daughter will soonbe able to pick it up and rule the same empre made glorious by her mother. This little princess may play with balls now, but how bng will it be before she will toss with men shearts and laugh at their rebound? Here she isdressed in a plain little morning frock of coarse guipure, while her mother wears of stylish bloque trimmed with embroidered galloon, vith belt and collar of moire ribbon, which m the neck forms a bow at the back. The cufs and bottom of the basques are orna-The second illustration presents a pretty pic-

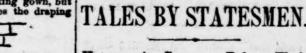


As may make use of the summer months for traveling purposes they will be glad to have me say a word about a very pretty traveling dress for young person. It is shown in the third piture. It consists of skirt, open jacket and blosse, the materials being lawn tennis woolen, cream foundation, striped with red and yelw, and Scotch plaid silk in which red are donnates. The blower is held in the

in fawcolored crepon, yoke and cuffs of pink satın ærlaid with guipure, with a black chip hat trimed with black and pink. Blue serge is also en at the races and outdoor fetes set off with bght-colored shirts.

enough have a lawn to meet upon and purses deep stugh to pay for the expensive accessories. Here will be an effort made to give plays in the sen air, but I predict a failure if dependen be made upon amateur talent, for the summsgirl has her head too full of frills, flounceund furbelows to admit of committing a part tunemory. She is an artiste, she naver forgets it cues, never comes in at a wrong entrance mars her business; she is so ready with heaven lines that she stands in no need of other petics and she dresses her parts to perfection to will be a great success at garden parties, a not in smateur plays on the grean-award. Sikes the winding path and shrubbery, but out of her conversation is in stage whispers.

The found illustration reasons.



Veterans in Congress Relate Their War Experiences.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

Smith-"Can't All Think Alike"-From the Ranks to Major General-Tributes to the Minie Ball-A New Orator.



T IS MORE THAN twenty-seven years ago ce the war closed, and it is odd to see how the men who went to the front then and rose tocommand have stayed at the front since and occupied the first positions. A member of the G. A. R., who has taken the trouble to make the curious calculation, tells me that of governors

elected since Appomattox no less than 227 were predicted early in the season on account of their success in the old world, it has not come, of the present Control world in the army durof the present Congress were in the army durincludes even have waited in vain, too, for the red shoes and have waited in vain, too, for the red shoes and have waited in vain, too, for the red shoes and have waited in vain, too, for the red shoes and silk stockings that were to be so much the fad at summer resorts, but August is not here yet, and the fashionable girl may yet startle us with novelties. A week at a summer resort is like a whole moath in duil town life; men come and go, women appear and disappear, and it seems to you that you have seen a generation pass, so to you that you have seen a generation pass, so many and so varied are the faces, forms and war. Wouldn't a history of the war by living major generals, each one contributing ten pages, be a marketable book! ing the strained relations which may be said to

ber of the present Congress, whom I will call James Smith, by one of his colleagues, whom, also, I cannot identify. They are from one of the border states and live near the line. "Enlistments," says the member, "were se-cretly going on in our neighborhood for both

creity going on in our neighborhood for both armies. Jim was an orator rather than a soldier. He never tired of addressing public meetings. But he was excitable and apt to be with the crowd at the moment. One day he yelled for the old flag and the undivided Union, and the next day he helped hang John Brown and Abe Lincoln in effigy.

"One morning when Jim was in town he was called on to harangue a hundred or two men who were assembled in front of the corner grocery listening to the latest news. He climbed into a wagon, threw off his coat and sailed in. I have but one message for you, he shouted. Go to the front! Many of your neighbors are on the line of battle and all calling unto you! Why stand ye here idle? Freedom, which shricked when Kiziosko fell, is in peril as never before. Fly to her rescue! Men may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace! Freedom's battle once begun, bequeathed from bleeding sire to peace, but there is no peace! Freedom's battle once begun, bequeathed from bleeding sire to son, though baffled oft is ever won. Rally and organize a company right here—this day, this

"'Wall, strenger, broke in about the only man present who didn't know him, 'which army shell we jine—nawth ur south?"
"'Either! either!' shouted Jim. 'Can't all bewilder the senses, and the question suggests think alikel'

"It made some fun at the time," said Mr. M. C., who was in the confederate army after-ward, "but I'll be hanged if I wasn't talking to Jim about it the other day and he insists he was just right!"

BAPID PROMOTIONS. At least two of the present Senators who were major generals enlisted in the army as private soldiers-Gibson of Louisiana and Haw private soldiers—Gibson of Louisiana and Haw-ley of Connecticut. These men, both fine look-ing, have a curious resemblance and are some-times mistaken for each other. Both, too, as their rapid promotion indicates, had a romantic service. Hawley, an old abolitionist, was the first man to enlist in his state and was in the army all the time to Appomattox. Gibson lost his fortune during the war, but recovered it afterward with turn-down collars exactly like the neglige afterward.

shirts of the men are worn by young girls who TRIBUTES TO THE MINIE BALL. more than a dozen members of the presen more than a dozen members of the present Congress talk on the subject and have got as many opinions. The worst shot man now in public life is probably Gen. Oates, who resented the insolence of the misrepresentative of the "Federation" the other day. He lost his right arm in front of Richmond in his twenty-seventh battle, having previously been shot through the right arm, then in the right leg, then in the left hip, then through the right thigh, then in the head as premonitory symptoms of what was coming. elastic so that the bouldant rails over the ben-if you wish to carry out the masculine conceit you must wear over this blouse a long jacket de-cidedly man fashion. The jacket has no darts in front and falls quite straight. Buttons, pockets and makeup are in strict conformity to masculine fashions. Such a costume looks very well in coarse green serge. It is quite noteworthy to what an extent

feathers are worn this season; true, in nowise to the exclusion of flowers, but the decree seems to exact that none but seasonable flowers shall be worn. Veils continue to be the subject of much thought. It is no longer permissible to wran your face up in any bit of gauze. The to the exclusion of flowers, but the decree seems to exact that none but seasonable flowers shall be worn. Veils continue to be the subject of much thought. It is no longer permissible to wrap your face up in any bit of gauze. The mode of the moment calls for a very light and transparent veil and of the same color as the hat. The pins, too, used to hold veils in place must not be the cheap product of the variety store, but the work of your jeweler. A woman's tollet has been called a union of a thousand trides. This may be so, but many of those trifles cost money nowadays, and the woman of fashion finds that her pin money goes literally for just what its name signifies. Then perhaps you mercifully drop into uncon-

"I feit when I was hit," raid Col. Herbert of Alabama, speaking of the matter to a comrade, "as if my shoulder was seared with caustic; in fact, I never could get over the impression that the Yanks were fiving red-hot balls." He ex-perimented with four of them during his serv-THE TWO ONE-LEGGED MEN IN CONGRESS

who manage themselves best in walking are, by general consent, Senator Daniel of Virginia and Representative David D. Henderson of Iowa.

THE MAN WITHOUT A SHIRT.

A New Confidence Scheme New Being Successfully Worked.

From the New York Recorder.

"Lady, dear, good lady, for pity's sake—not for the sake of common charity, not for common or ordinary kindness, but for pity's sake, can't you give me a shirt?"

This is the well-worded, impassioned plea a big man with a hard visage, a battered derby, torn clothes—and no shirt—made to the wife of a prominent downtown business man in West 56th street yesterday.

In the temporary absence of a house servant she had answered the door bell herself and was confronted by the big tramp. As he spoke these words he pulled out a nail which answered the purpose of a coat button and exposed to the astonished gaze of the woman his nucle body from collar to waist.

"For pity's sake, lady," he said, "I must have a shirt. I have been unfortunate and it would shock you, lady, to tell how. I have too much respect for a real lady to shock her finer feelings. But just think whata fix I am in—a respectable. But just think whata fix I am in—a respectable. What size will fix you?"

She is a woman of good nerve and she wasn't scared. Involuntarily she broke into a langh, which quickly turned to pity. She said.

"Why, poor man; this is really a hard case. What size will fix you?"

"Any size, lady, any size," the fellow said seeds of the would need a No. 19 collar at least, which not one man in ten thousand contail the start, which not one man in ten thousand contail east of the with and the plano paralyzed, superseded as belle of the ball by the more or less disjointed but very vivacious paralyzed, superseded as belle of the ball by the more or less disjointed but very vivacious paralyzed, superseded as belle of the ball by the more or less disjointed but very vivacious paralyzed, superseded as belle of the ball by the more or less disjointed but very vivacious paralyzed, superseded as belle of the ball by the more or less disjointed but very vivacious paralyzed, superseded as belle of the ball by the more or less disjointed b

"Any size, lady, any size," the fellow said safery. She laughed again, this time heartily, for he was so big that he would need a No. 19 collar at least, which not one man in ten thousand could fill.

"Very well," said she, kindly, "jast wait here and I will see what I cando."

In five minutes she returned, bringing a big linen night shirt belonging to her husband. "Here, poor man," said she, compassionately, "take this; it's the best I can do."

"God blews you, lady; by this act you have laid up a treasure in heaven." And having said this he moved on.

"The Lord's sake, mem, and was the dirthy tramp here, too—the dirthy tramp with or shirt?" This was what the lady from below takes said as she came in. The tramp was just disappearing. "Why, bless you, mem, he's worked it all along the block, an' as you live the's four shirt's stuffed inside he his tronsers this blissid minit, sayla' neaght of what he worked ye fer, nem."

"Ellen, you don't mean it?" exclaimed the worked ye fer, nem."

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"And there's where he did go—as straight as tracks could take him. for the lady from below that will be do wid 'em it it? Well do I know what he'll do wid 'em. Folly him I will, sure as me name is Ellen Mulcaly. To the dage cast-offs will he go, mem, as straight as wacks can take him."

And there's where he did go—as straight as tracks could take him. for the lady from below the haddparture on \$1 has part of the how stairs saw it with her own height open.

And there's where he did go—as straight as tracks could take him. for the lady from below the more and the straight of the leaves the blood, and the rest of the boys marked of the work have the straight of the lady. The blag remains the straight of the ferror where

speech on July 21 and 22, an achievement that very seldom falls to the lot of a new member. It was off-hand, and lasted five hours, and it was a remarkable example of wide study, great facility, lively fandy, a large vocabulary, a rich voice and fine ocatorical qualities. It was a unique triumph. White is a large man, like almost all first-class orators, with a protuberant and massive jaw, pleasant blue eyes, clean-shaven, mobile face and the cherubic and haif-boyish look which absence of beard confers even on the meat mass. and the cherabic and hair-boyish look which absence of beard confers even on the most ma-ture. His foolings are easily enlisted, he is a friend to his friends, is positive, but deferen-tial, usually affable, and even urbane, but to meet varying conditions is capable of a wide range of responses. Already he has attained a position among his peers not accorded to a new Senator quoe in a symparation.

Senator once in a generation.

W. A. Choffur. Swindled by Sutlers. SHE SECURED HER PICTURE.

A Telitale Work of Art Bought by an Emburrassed Young Woman.
From the Philadelphia Press.
The usual routine duties of the Philadelphia customs officers were broken for several of them the other day by the public sale of seized, unclaimed and warehoused merchandise which had been allowed by consignees to remain in the bonded warehouses after the expiration of three years from the date of its receipt. Very few of the purchasers obtained bargains. The greatest bargain, at least what was probably considered by the purchaser to be the greatest bargain at the sale, was a portrait in oil of a lady and gentleman taken in a very affectionate attitude, which was purchased by the lady thorities shared Mr. Lincoln's opinion that the chiefly concerned for 80 cents. It had been re-

ceived by mail from Japan in 1887 and was seized and held as dutiable as a foreign work of art, at an appraised value of \$52, by the customs officials and placed in the the customs officials and placed in the custody of the United States storekeeper. The young lady was among the first arrivals and wanted to make some arrangement whereby the picture gould be purchased and delivered to her without being exposed to the public gaze. This was impossible, however, the law requiring that all articles must be exposed to view and sold to the highest bidder. When the turn of the portrait to be auctioned off came a united and spontaneous shout of "Ah-b-h," and "Ain't that sweet," arose from the assembled crowd. The poor girl, her face crimson with blushes, stood close by the auctioneer, too much embarrassed to speak. much embarrassed to speak.

An unsentimental bidder offered 5 cents for

the portrait. This was more than the young lady could stand and she raised the price to 50 cents. Then somebody else made an offer of 1 cent more, and in this way the picture was run up to 75 cents. When the young lady bid 80 cents the crowd, thinking they had enough fun, stopped bidding, and angry and almost in tears she was allowed to carry off the coveted

The Golden Rod.

The golden rod swayed in the morning sun, With its glistening load of dew, And smilingly bowed in a friendly way To the modest violets blue. Gently the zephyra played about The beautiful golden rod, Which gracefully bent its stately stem

With a proud and queenlike nod. The golden rod dipped its feathery head. As it waved from side to side; "I am the National flower," it said, With very becoming pride. The noonday sun fell full upon The radiant golden rod,

The moisture from out the sod. The golden rod grew contented and calm In its bed by a highway wide; The kind sun kissed it a fond good-night, And the golden rod smiled and sighed. The sun in its glory had fied, And the twilight dim had come, And the golden rod went to sleep

And nursed its roots and drank again

To the sound of the crickets' hum. The golden rod woke from its peaceful sleep By the ringing of laughter gay, And soon it was plucked from its happy home And merrily borne away. In a hall of splendor and art, Where gathered noble men.

And women fair and children bright, The golden rod lives again.

"Twas a banquet spread for the President And with pride it revived and shone. "Here's to the beautiful golden rod, And rather than be a rose alive
It would be the golden rod dead.

-LIZZIE MAGIE. Washington, D. C., July 28, 1892.

From Minerals.

The processes by which nature forms such cumulations of silver are very interesting. It oust be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them. These chemical solutions take up small particles of the precious metal which they find scattered here and there. Sometimes the solutions in question are hot, the water having got so far down as to be set a-boiling by the internal heat of the globe. Then they rush upward, picking up the bits of metal as they go. Naturally heat assists the performance of this operation. Now and then the streams thus formed, perpetually flowing hither and thither below ground, pass through cracks or cavities in the rocks, where they deposit their loads of silver. This is kept up for a great length of time, perhaps thousands of years, until the fissure or pocket is filled up. Crannies permeating the stony mass in every direction may become filled with the metal of occasionally a chamber may be stored full of it, as if a myriad bands were fetching the treasure from all sides and hiding away a future bonauza for some lucky prospector to discover in another btained from them. These chemical solutions

From Blackwood's Magazine.

We have no symbols to represent the sound of a sigh, a kiss, a chirp, a groan, though characters expressive of these would be of great service to novelists, but, on the other hand, we have three distinct characters—f, ff and ph—expressing exactly the same sound.

expressing exactly the same sound.

Then, how imperfect and arbitrary we are in the use of those symbols which we possess; it is all we can do to express the initial acund of thing and thine, though a Welsh writer can show the difference by making the former an aspirated t, the latter an aspirated d; yet in this respect we are better off than the French, who cannot employ the aspirated dental at all. Englishmen are inclined to wonder why the Chinese, with all their ancient civilization, have no symbol for the consonant r, and are apt to forget that, except at the beginning of a syllable, that letter has become in their own language a mute redundancy. The following sentence, for example, might be perfectly well expressed in Chinese characters: "Sour barts are more alarming than certain earls," for, in colloquial English, not one of these seven r's would be trilled.

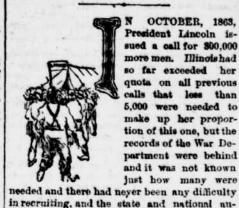
When the Portuguese first explored Brazil they made great fun of the natives of that country because they had in their alphabet no r, f or l, a people, the invaders declared, without fe, ley or rey—without faith, law or king. The Mohawka, again, have no labials, and vowed it was absurd when the missionaries tried to teach them to pronounce p and b, "for who," said they, "can speak with his mouth shut?"

A RAW RECRUIT

Recollections of a Youthful Private in the Union Army.

IN TENT AND BARRACK.

Before He Was Sent to the Front-Fighting for Food and Shirking Police Work-



N OCTOBER, 1863. President Lincoln issued a call for \$00,000 more men. Illinois had so far exceeded her quota on all previous calls that less than 5,000 were needed to make up her proportion of this one, but the records of the War Department were behind and it was not known just how many were

time had come when the willing horse must pull the load. There had been no draft in the state, and every effort was being made to avoid one. In every village recruiting offices were open, war meetings were being held; bounties, national, state and local, were given; in fact, every inducement was offered. The War Department had ordered that recruiting should end January 5, 1864, and that a draft should be made as soon thereafter as a rowible. I had the end January 5, 1864, and that a draft should be made as soon thereafter as possible. I had the war fever very badly; about all my classmates had gone, but being only seventeen; and rather small for that age, it had never occurred to me that I could enlist, and living in the country and seldom visiting town, I had not been brought into contact with the recruiting officers and did not know how many points could be strained by a man whose commission as cerestrained by a man whose commission as cap-tain depended upon his filling his company. I expected to go to school after the holidays, and one morning I went to town to buy my books. One full company of cavalry and several of infantry, besides recruits for a number of regifantry, besides recruits for a number of reg-ments, had gone from our little town and there were three recruiting offices open, one for each branch of the service. From each a flag was displayed and at one of them a drum and fife were playing a lively air.

FINALLY ENLISTED. As I was standing listening to the music the cavalry and infantry officers, both of whom I knew very well, came out and the infantry captain said: "Austin, there is a fellow big enough for you: Frank, why don't you enlist?" I fairly gasped for breath, but managed to ask if he would take me. The cavalryman asked my age would take me. The cavalryman asked my age and I' had presence of mind enough to say nineteen, and he said "I guess I can squeeze you in; go down to my office and wait till I come." I started down the street trying to walk straight and look like a soldier and told the first man I met that I had enlisted. He asked me why I did not go in the artillery, as that was the best branch; the artillery officer who was then there had been the principal of our school when the war begun and had gone to the front taking with him nearly all the boys of his school who were old enough to wear a unihis school who were old enough to wear a uniform, and a number had afterward gone to join them. Beyond knowing in a general way that cavalry had horses and that infantry went on foot and carried guns I knew nothing of the different arms of the service and consequently had no choice, so I at once turned toward the artillery headquarters. After a short interview a tape line was produced and it was found that by a fiberal construction of the recruiting laws I could be made to pass muster and I soon walked out with the proud consciousness that I was in a fair way to be a soldier. I soon met the cavalryman and his remarks when I teld him what had occurred would not look well

STARTED FOR THE STATE CAPITAL For a week we remained at home and one of weeping and cheering, and we felt that we were heroes. We arrived in Springfield late one evening very tired and very hungry, having had no opportunity to get anything to eat since noon. Moving in all directions we saw squads of recruits, some uniformed and some in plain clothes, and we were surprised to see that almost all of them were escorted by armed guards. We had not learned that jumping the bounty had become a flourishing industry in many places, where large sums were paid for men, and that Uncle Sam took every precaution to prevent the escape of his recruits before joining their regiments. Our lieutenant led us somewhere and reported to somebody, then marched us to the court house, where we answered to our names, and he took a receipt for us and left us to get his supper. We now began to see some of the and he took a receipt for us and left us to get his supper. We now began to see some of the rough side of being a recruit. We were con-ducted to the court room, where we found several hundred patriots like ourselves. The air was thick with tobacco smoke, the benches had not been removed and altogether the ac-commodations were not laxurious. The first thing our squad of thirteen did was to raise a purse of several dollars and select one of our number to go for something to eat, but an armed guard at the door refused to let him pass.

respect we are better off than the French, who cannot employ the aspirated denial at all Englishmen are inclined to wonder why the Chinese, with all their ancient civilization, have no symbol for the comonant r, and are apt to forget that, except at the beginning of a syllable, that letter has become in their own lambles, the letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles of a will be letter has become in the lambles of a will be letter has become in their own lambles have deep a will be letter has been paid for lambles in down lambles have been still lambles have been still lambles have been st

gage.

The principal rendervous was Camp Butler, four miles below the city, but Camp Yates had been established to accommodate the overflow and was only intended to be temporary, and as fast as room was made at Camp Butler recruits were sent there from Camp Yates. Each of these camps was inclosed by a high board fence, outside of which was a line of guards; a few good buildings were used for the headquarters, but the barracks were cheaply constructed affairs.

The cooks poured the soup and coffee into the cups, but the rest of the food was placed on the table in tin pans, and as they were only filled once for a tableful the first ones in rushed for once for a tableful the first ones in rushed for the pans and the end of the line got what they could snatch from those in possession, and there was always so much disorder that a squad of guards was on duty at each shed at meal times, and men were frequently taken to the guard house for fighting. Those who left the first table hungry used to try to erowd into line for the scenario root to some other. the second or go to some other barrack and try to squeeze in, and as men were coming and go-ing daily and very few knew anybody except ing daily and very few knew any new those from their own neighborhood this sometimes succeeded. The sheds were only opened times succeeded, and it often happened that times succeeded. The sheds were only opened twice for each meal, and it often happened that recruits were unable to get in at all, and those who had no money fared badly. But poor as were these arrangements our little party and those who came on the same and the next day fared worse. We went from barrack to barrack only to find them crowded and were then conducted to some tents and told to occupy them put it room could be found inside.

the day, so it may be imagined that to be turned into tents with not even straw between us and the frozen ground did not impress us very favorably with the delights of soldiering. However, we were new at the business and expecting to "rough it" we took it as a matter of course and did not grumble much, and by doubling up and spreading our blankets and lying down fully dressed we managed to keep warm. Plenty of wood was furnished and great first were box box business of soldering. great fires were kept burning night and day in front of the tents, and groups surrounded these fires every hour of the twenty-four. When we went to the cook sheds for dinner we found more trouble. We were told that rations were only issued to the men in barracks and there were none for us. We felt that we were being swindled, but knowing nothing of military affairs nor to whom to For a week we remained at home and one cold, bright day we started for Springfield, the state capital. Most of the people turned out to see us off; there was the customary amount course, sided against us, and at last we went to the dock.

Being the smallest in our party it had been my luck to draw large sizes of everything. My trousers would have done a six-footer, my jacket was meant for a man of at least two hundred, the skirt of my overcoat dragged on the ground and my hat, ornamented with a red cord and tassel and crossed cannons, nearly hid all above my shoulders. We were very anxious to get into our uniforms, and after a day or two spent in trading with others who had misfits I managed to get a suit not more than two sizes too large, but I had to acknowledge that I did not cut so martial a figure or look so well in uniforms as I have asked you, and I wished to be able to furnish her with reliable information. Thank you very much. Good-day."

Stepping adroitly among the barrels and packages he was soon lost to sight.

and not been removed and altogether the acceptance of the company of the company

to its utmost capacity, hung by my side. As I reached the street a loud laugh went up from the crowd of idlers on the sidewalk; but it was no laughing matter for me, for I could scarcely stand, and, learning that we were to go to Camp Yates, I hired a man to carry my surplus bagthe evening, as reading or writing was out of the question in such crowded quarters. A few candles were issued us, but never half enough, Wrestling matches, card playing and "stag dances" were the usual amusements.

SWINDLED BY THE SUTLERS. The two sutlers shops did a rushing busine stress shit there from Camp Yates. Each of these camps was inclosed by a high board fence, united of which was a line of guards; a few good buildings were used for the headquarters, and see what on the yet learned to like bed partially a captrice of her royal good buildings were used for the headquarters, and a see what may be an additional professor of the control of the contro and as we had not yet learned to like bread without butter, coffee without milk and musty

to the front and who ordered us to pack our knapsacks and be ready to march in an hour.

At the appointed time we answered to our names, were mustered into the United States service, and with shouts and cheers started for Dixie. Our lieutenant made a few remarks to us which made us feel that in him at least we for their regiments were escorted by armed guards, but when our officer was asked how many he needed he said none; that it seemed disgraceful to put a guard over volunteers, and that he would depend on our honor to give him no trouble; every one was on his good behavior, and when he reported to the captain every man was present. F. J. Youne.

SUICIDAL BY PROXY. The Meek Man's Questions Were for

From the Detroit Tribune. A sad-visaged man, whose clothes exhibited the evidence of advanced age, stood on the edge of the dock and scrutinized the water fixedly. Several gentlemen of extensive leisure lounged picturesquely under the shade of a warehouse and lazily contemplated the sad-visaged party.

reverie. "Is the water deep enough here to drown a

Presently the latter roused himself from his

"None at all."

"Thank you." He pondered again and looked over the edge of the dock. The waves were gently splashing against the piling and the hot summer sun was tipping each little ripple with silver light. "Sure?" "Sure." "Thank you."

The sad-visaged man buttoned his frayed coat more closely about his attenuated figure, sighed heavily and started to leave.

"Here!" The gentlemen of leisure were interested.

QUEENS IN THE KITCHEN.

toyal Women Who Have Had a Liking for Cultuary Experiments. m the Paris Intermedialre. "Under Louis XIV nothing was thought of,

as you may imagine, except good living. The Grand Roi had personally no social talent whatever, but on the other hand ladies of the highest lineage did not heaftate to put a finger into the social pastry. It was a time when Mme. de Maintenon, to satisfy a caprice of her royal lover, invented 'cotelettes en papillotes,' and

with red tops and crossed cannon, and generously threw in a pair of spurs. I was soon laughed out of wearing the spurs, but although the boots hurt me cruelly I wore them until I reached the battery.

A START FOR THE PRONT.

Up to the time I enlisted our company had but four guns, but it had been decided to increase the number to six and an officer had been recruiting for us in Chicago. One day, about March I, among a batch of new arrivals we found about forty men for "our battery," as we called it. A few days later an orderly came through the different barracks calling, "All men for battery G, second artillery, turn out at once." We fell into line and a fine-looking officer introduced himself as Lieut. Edward Webster, who had come to conduct us to the front and who ordered us to pack our knapsacks and be ready to march in an hour. whom Louis XVIII did not hesitate to take leasons. That king, who died afflicted with the gout for having indulged too freely in the pleasures of the table, merited one day the praises of the celebrated chef whose counsels he followed with docility. A great lover of mussels he gave Talleyrand the recipe for a sauce which added greatly to the taste of that dish, and as Talleyrand consumptions of the table of table of

king the reflections of his head cook the mon-arch replied: 'Careme is right, but I very much fear it will be a long time before I shall be able to create a minister of the public cuisine.'

"Long before the time of Louis XVIII we fine Josephine carefully looking after the house-hold details. She had brought back from the colonies a famous recipe for guava preserves, which she prepared especially for the first con-sul and of which he was very fond. Kitchening seems to be the only species of work that no sul and of which he was very fond. Kitchening seems to be the only species of work that no one need blush for; and, after all, does not hunger justify the means? In the midst of that period of the French revolution known as the roign of terror, did not the ex-capucine monk Chabot (an expert in the science of good living, in remembrance, no doubt, of the cloister) invent the 'omelette truffee aux pointes d'asperges' and also a la purce de pintades? Did you know that it was to the elector of Bavaria that we owe the 'bavaroise,' which was prepared and made under his own eyes for the first time at the Cafe Procope?

"Modern history also offers noble examples to our admiration. The Empress Elizabeth of

The gentlemen of leisure were manifestly amused. "About twenty feet there," one of them deigned to reply with a scornful laugh.
"Thank you." The man stared at the chilly waves. "Would one be hindered in attempting to drown one's self here?"

The gentlemen of leisure thought not.
"Thank you." He glanced anxiously about the dock. "No life-saving arrangements shout there?"

"Modern history also offers noble examples to our admiration. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria, that accomplished horsewoman, that sovereign of a court where aristocratic prejudices are of the strongest kind, glories in her talent as a pastry cook. Her daughter, the Archduchem Valeria, boasts of having penetrative and it seems she has several recipes. Her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, excels in preparing tea and buttered toest. Ref

Two of the oldest houses in London have re-cently been demolished. They stood just east of St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet street, and narrowly escaped destruction in the great fire of 1666, which was arrosted in its course of de-

of 1666, which was arrosted in its course of devastation just before reaching them. The date
of these picturesque old structures, whose
quaint projections and gabled fronts have
hitherto charmed the eye of the Fleet street
wanderer, is supposed to be about the beginning
of the sixteenth century. Both houses were,
it is believed, at one time bakeries, Henry
Elsing having a bakery in one of them, with
the sign of "The Spread Eagle." The house
nearest to St. Dunstan's Church has for nearly
three centuries been either a book or music
shop, and many a celebrated musician and man
of letters must have crossed its venerable
threshold. In a few days nothing will be left
to mark the site of these houses, so full of memories of the distant past. "The old order
changeth, yielding place to new." Let us hope
that the new may be worthy to stand where its
predecessors have for nearly 400 years.

